

Magdalene

Procol Harum

(brooker / reid) Though I know the night has fallen and the sun's sailed out to sea
I will wait here for the band to play the trumpet voluntary
And with one foot on the seashore and the other in the sand
I will stand here plaiting daisies whilst you play the piano-grand
Caprice, your bugle blew away the cobwebs
from my ears
And for once I stood quite naked. unashamed, I wept the tears
Which I tried to hide inside myself from me, I mean from you
But the shame I found too painful and the pain it only grew
Magdalene, my regal zonophone

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